

*K. Allen*  
A  
CONGRATULATORY  
LETTER

TO

JOHN MURRAY, Esq;

Late Secretary to the young Pretender.

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*As Cannons shoot the higher Pitches,  
The lower we let down their Breeches ;  
I'll make this low dejected State  
Advance me to a greater Height.*

HUDIBRASS.

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L O N D O N :

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A

# Congratulatory LETTER

T O

*John Murray, Esq;*

S I R,

**Y**OU will, doubtless, be surprized to find yourself addressed in this publick Manner, and the more so, as not being able to guess immediately, whether it comes from a Friend or an Enemy. To ease you, therefore, of all Suspence about the Matter, I shall begin with assuring you, that I am neither: That there is too little Parity in our Dispositions, and too little Agreement in our Principles, to allow me to be the *one*; and my Humanity, as well as the Precepts of that Religion I profess, forbid me to be the *other* to any Man. Thus, Sir, you may expect nothing from me but my plain and impartial Thoughts on the Facts I shall take the Liberty to mention.

Knowing the great Passion you ever had for making a Noise in the World, I should have congratulated you on your first Promotion to the *Tower*, if my Apprehensions for  
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the ticklish Situation you then seemed to be in had not restrained me.

But I have now the Pleasure of wishing you Joy on a double Score ; first, for the full Attainment of your favourite *Eclat* ; and secondly, for the admirable Dexterity you have shewn in managing so as to have your *Plea of Surrender* admitted by the Court,

This last, I confess, is such a *Coup d'Esprit*, as far exceeds all could have been expected from you ; after all our News-Papers, for Days and Weeks together, had been crowded with the Particulars of your being made a Prisoner, not by *Choice*, but *Force* ; after all your Friends, and even nearest Relations, allowing the Truth of what was there inserted, both as to the Place of your Concealment, and the Manner of your being taken ; after all this was as publick as Print and common Conversation could make it, and the Points of Debate concerning you, were only whether you should be called to take your Trial at *Westminster-Hall*, or at *St. Margaret's-Hill* ; whether you would (emulating the false Glory of some of those unhappy Persons involved in the same Crime with yourself) plead *not Guilty* to your Indictment, or, with the wiser others, humbly confess the Heinousness of your Offence, and throw yourself on Royal Mercy : Then, I say, for you to come, all at once, upon us with a *Plea of Surrender*, and to have that *Plea of Surrender* allowed of, is an Incident of such a surprizing Nature, as may defy the best Comedy or Farce that ever was wrote, to produce any thing to equal, or even to come in any Degree of Competition with.

I cannot, however, flatter you so far as to ascribe this happy and astonishing Change in your Condition entirely to yourself. I am very much imposed upon, and all our Accounts from the *North*, both publick and private, must have been extremely fabulous, if *Fortune* had not a great Hand in this Event. If you had not been taken at all, you could not have pretended that you had *surrendered*, and that you had no Desire or Intentions either of being taken, or of surrendering, I think, is obvious to every one ; first, from your travelling from Mr. *Hunter's*, disguised as a Peasant, in a blue Bonnet and *Tartan Vest* ; secondly, from the Offer you made of two Hundred Guineas to the Sergeant who commanded the Party of Dragoons which seized you at the Village of *Palmoude* ; and thirdly, from your attempting to intoxicate them with Liquors, in order to facilitate your Escape, as they were escorting you to *Edinburgh* ;



*hurgh*; though your Brain happening, to have weaker Vessels than theirs, you fell, it seems, into your own Snare, and was so very drunk, that when carried before Lord Justice Clerk, he was obliged to permit you to sleep six Hours, before any rational Answer could be got from you. From these Circumstances, therefore, it appears you owe your present happy Situation to *Chance*, not to your own *Sagacity*, in foreseeing what would be the Consequence of your being apprehended, since it is evident you took all the Precautions in your Power to elude the Search made for you; and when, in spite of those Precautions, you were a Prisoner, you first endeavoured to *corrupt*, and then to *deceive* the Persons who had you in Charge. Lucky for you was the Discovery of your Concealment: Lucky for you was the Honesty of the Serjeant; and lucky for you was the Care of the Dragoons, in keeping you safe, when they had got you in Possession. Thank therefore, the benevolent Aspect of the Stars, for what you now are, or hope to be hereafter; but give no Plaudits to your own Genius, on this Occasion; or secretly exult, that merely by the Force of an uncommon Penetration you have been able to extricate yourself out of all the Difficulties in which you were lately plunged, by your Attachment to the Rebel Cause, and from which, no other Means than those I have mentioned, could have relieved you.

No, Sir, great in Mercy, and forgiving Goodness, as even the most inveterate of his Majesty's Enemies must allow him to be, and though you are not the first Instance of the Indulgence you have found, yet you, of all Mankind, had no Reason to expect, or hope, sharing the Effects; the least Retrospect into your former Actions, would have prevented you from hazarding, by a *Surrender*, a Life which on many Occasions, you have testified the most tender Regard for: You have, however, experienced that Indulgence in a very eminent Degree, and I sincerely wish you may have Power and Inclination to deserve it by your future Behaviour.

And now, Sir, having told you what are not only mine, but the whole Peoples Sentiments on this astonishing Event; I must acquaint you, that the Desire I had for a long time of writing to you, has been very much increased, by reading a late Pamphlet, entitled, *Genuine Memoirs of John Murray, Esq; late Secretary to the Young Pretender*; whether published by your own Direction, or by any of your Friends, I will not pretend to say; but as it appeared

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the World, but a few Days before you made your famous *Plea of Surrender*, it seems to me, and, I find, to many others, to have the Air of an Attempt to raise your Reputation with the *Ministry*, as being able to reveal Wonders; and at the same Time, by a pompous displaying your Zeal and Integrity for the *Pretender's* Interest, keep you also in good Esteem with those of his Party, in order that you might be let into their Secrets, if they have any, any consequently have an Opportunity hereafter, either of *serving* or *betraying* them, which ever should be found most to your own Advantage.

You are the best Judge if I am right or not in my Conjectures; but I would not have you mistake me so far, as to imagine that the Suspicion of your having a Hand in that Performance, is any Compliment to your Abilities: The Design, indeed, if it be as I imagine, is such as might besit the most perfect Master in the Art of *Chicanry*; but as all Artifice, is no Artifice, if not well hid, the Veil cast over this, is of so thin a Texture, that it is not only impossible for the Wisdom of the *Ministry* to be deceived by it, but even the *Jacobites* themselves; if with their Principles of Loyalty, they have not also thrown off all Reason and common Sense.

To have a Falshood gain any Credit with thinking Persons, it is necessary that it should not only be plausible in itself, but likewise be accompanied with some known Facts, which may strike strongly on the Mind, and pave the Way for Credulity to those who are more doubtful; but there is nothing of either of these Requisites in the Piece before me: A glaring Inconsistency runs through the whole, and if by chance some few Truths are scattered here and there, they are so miserably mangled, and misrepresented, as to lose that Name, and appear of the same Stamp with the rest.

This I shall easily make evident, by opposing against those ostentatious Accounts, some few Anecdotes of your Conduct, which though but Short and Curfory, I believe will be found much more *Genuine* than those that bear the Name.

In doing this, I shall take all the Care I can to avoid raking into the Particulars of your private Life, or of wounding others through your Sides; and if I mention some things which should happen to be a little grating to any Persons belonging to you, it is not out of Malice or ill Nature either to them or you; but because I am obliged to  
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it, in Order to set your Actions, and the real Motives of them, in a more clear Light, than has hitherto been done.

The Author of the *Memoirs*; to prove, as he imagines, that you entered into the *Pretender's* Service from no mean or mercenary Views, introduces his Work with telling us, you are descended from *Baronets*, both by the *Father* and the *Mother's* side, gives a kind of Rent-Roll of your Estate, magnifies three or fourscore, to set your Patrimony at the greatest Value, to three or four hundred; and adds, that you had Relations who had Interest enough to have procured you a considerable Employment either in the *Civil* or *Military* Way.

To which I am sorry to find my self under a Necessity of answering, that if the *Gentility* of your Family is not to be called in Question, the *Influence* and *Opulence* of it may very well be so; if not here, at least by those of your own Country, where few are ignorant of the Exigences, and wretched Straits, to which those, nearest to you in Blood, were unhappily reduced, before the breaking out of that unnatural Rebellion, which throwing all things into Confusion, enriched some by the Spoils of others: The Number, therefore, of Relations who had it in their Power to serve you, appears to have been very small; and had it been greater, or they more able, than I can hear any of them were, you staid too short a time at your Studies, to qualify you for any considerable Employment in the *Civil* Way; and as to that of the *Military*, it is a well-known Truth, that you never gave the least Indication of a Martial Disposition.

As to his alledging that you made the Tour of *Europe*, merely for Improvement, and began your Attachment to the *Pretender*, on being Witness of the extraordinary Virtues and Accomplishments, which his two Sons (according to these *Memoirs*) are endowed with: Nothing can be more absurd, since none who have the least Knowledge of you, are ignorant that you affected *Jacobitism* long before you ever saw the Persons, whose Merits (it is pretended) made a Convert of you. Not that I suppose you embraced the Tenets of that Faction, through Principle, or a secret Conviction of their being right, but because you fancied the doing so, afforded the fairest Prospect of raising your Fortune, and rendring you a Man of some Consequence in the World.

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The first Step you took for attaining these Ends, was to get your self at the Head of a little Club of that Party, who used to meet, drink Healths, censure the present Scheme of Politicks; and broach New ones, of their own flagacious forming. Among these People, it must be owned, you shone to very great Advantage; and as you have naturally an Affluence of Words, and a sententious Manner of delivering them, the Harangues you made, soon acquired you the Title of *the Oracle of the Party*; but what sort of Persons they were, who gave it you, I forbear to describe, for Truth may, on some Occasions, have the Appearance of Scurrility, so shall only say they were not of the most reputable, or highest Class of Men. As to the *Camerons*, *Gordons of Glenbucket*, *Glengyle*, the *Macklaughlins*, or any other of those Gentlemen, so familiarly mentioned in the *Memoirs*, they were at that time utterly unacquainted with you; nor had you any farther Knowledge of them, than what you received from Common Fame, which, indeed, loudly spoke them devoted to the *Stuart* Interest.

The Applause you received from this Cabal was sufficient, however, to put it into your Head to go to *Rome*, and offer your Service to the *Pretender*: Accordingly you did so; and the great Things you made him believe you had done for his Cause, and the greater yet was in your Power to do, if once employed by him as a Negotiator, procured you a Lodging and Table at his Palace; but notwithstanding all the specious Pretences you made, and the Favours he and his Sons conferred upon you as a Guest, you know very well that two whole Years elapsed, without your being made any use of; whether owing to a Doubt they had of your Abilities, or that it was not then a fit time to undertake an Enterprize of that kind, I will not take upon me to assert: But be that as it may, you were at last entrusted with a Commission to the *Highlands*, and that Commission it was, which first gave you Credit with the Heads of the Clans; or, as I have before observed, even made you known to them.

Flushed with the Success, which any other, as well as yourself, might have found among them, you returned to your Master, boasted as the Effect of your own Eloquence, what was in reality owing wholly to the Inclinations of those you had been with; and this imaginary Service gained you so much Credit, that you were sent to *France*, in order to confer with Mr. *Kelly*, who was then soliciting the Court of *Versailles*; but that Gentleman, instead of receiving you in the manner described by the *Memoirs* Writer, treated

treated you little better than he would have done a common Courier sent from the Persons you were. But this being a matter of no Importance, I shall pass over those Rebuffs you there met with, though they were such as might have struck a Damp on the Vanity of any other Man.

After this, you proceeded to *England*, where the same Author would have us believe you did great Feats, and in Conjunction with Lord *Elcho*, who it is pretended was your Coadjutor in the Affair, brought many Persons of Condition over to your Party. He does not, indeed, tell us this in plain Terms, but gives such Hints, as can leave no room to doubt his Meaning in that Article; and would make us fearful that some Encouragement here had in reality been given to those Commotions, which soon after ensued in *Scotland*, if the Zeal and Unanimity, with which the whole Body of Nobility and Gentry opposed the Invasion, and testified their utter Detestation of the Invaders, had not given the Lye to all such invidious Suggestions. It is not altogether improbable but that you might flatter your new Master with such a Hope; and that he might give into it, till the little Effects he found of it, on his coming into *Lancashire*, sadly convinced him of the contrary. I am the more ready to believe this might be the Case, by his withdrawing that Confidence he had before placed in you, soon after his Arrival in these Parts; which that he did, I am very credibly informed, though told in the *Memoirs* that he continued it to the last.

I hope, and firmly believe, that there are not any Men of Fortune and Figure in the Kingdom, who even with a Subversion of the present Government, much less is it likely they would enter into Schemes for that Purpose, with a Person so obscure, as you cannot deny yourself to have been at that Time. Supposing Lord *Elcho* assisted your Endeavours, yet Lord *Elcho* was too young, and unexperienced in the World, to have any Arguments he could make use of, carry a sufficient Weight in an Affair, on which the Lives and Fortunes of whoever were concerned in it must depend. If this is allowed, as I think it must by all, except Chimera-mongers, not all your Influence, nor Lord *Elcho's*, nor even Persons of infinitely more consequence than either of you, could prevail on any but such as composed your *Edinburgh* Club, Fellows who having nothing to lose, might hope to profit by a Change, to embark in so hair-brained an Enterprize; and very few of those, as it afterwards appeared, were desperate enough to hazard their

Necks for all the shadowy Prospects could be presented to them. Your Friend, the *Memoirs* Writer, may therefore take Shame to himself, for an Infination, the Falshood of which had been so fully proved before his doughty Performance ever saw the Light.

I am afraid, good Mr. *Secretary*, my mentioning this Particular a little galls you, and you heartily wish no Handle had been given me for touching on so tender a Point; but, Sir, I would have you recollect whether your *Individual-self*, as well as this *Author*, be not to blame. Pray was there never any talk of a *Portmantua-Trunk*, which contained Letters, and other Writings, of the utmost Importance? Were not many honest People, who had largely contributed to the Suppression of the Rebellion, eager and impatient for the Discovery of the first Fomenters of it? Did they not expect the whole Mystery of that black Conspiracy would be unravelled, and the Authors of it brought to condign Punishment? Were not the most amazing *Eclaircissements* hoped for from these Papers? And what at last did these mountainous Expectations produce? Was such a *Portmantua*, or such Papers ever found? you cannot pretend they were. 'Tis true, I have heard it whispered by some of your Friends, by the way of alleviating the Shock of such a Disappointment, that such things there were, but had been destroyed after the Battle of *Culloden*, by a Person you had entrusted with the Care of them, and who had since made his Escape to *France*. Indeed, Sir, this is an Excuse may blind the common People, but can never pass with any Man who knows the World, or considers the Improbability of the thing, this fine Story was intended to inculcate a Belief of.

For my own part I cannot conceive what End this Piece of Finesse could answer, unless to keep up the Spirit of the *Jacobites*, by instilling a Belief into them, that there were really Persons of great Consideration in the World of the same way of thinking, though they had not yet found it fit to declare their Principles openly. You could not certainly imagine that any of the Gentlemen in the Administration were capable of being imposed upon by so shallow a Plot: However, it is not impossible, but for the Reasons hinted at in the beginning of this Epistle, that you might have an Eye to both these Schemes; and if so, it serves to prove the *Double Entendre* of all your Actions, and the Fertility of your Invention, though not the Soundness of your Judgment.

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The Project of an Invasion on *England* at the same Time the young *Pretender* was playing his Part in *Scotland*, and the Assistance expected from *Wales* and the Counties adjacent, as mentioned in the *Memoirs*, is really very prettily laid out ; but I dare answer, that no one Person in the World, beside yourself, or the Author of your *Memoirs*, ever thought of it, much less had any Notion of its being practicable ; and if you attempted to infuse such Day-Dreams into the Heads of any Body, I must own it was a bold Venture, and might have cost you all that Reputation of Wisdom you had been labouring to acquire among your Adherents.

But, thank Heaven, all these Things are over : The Rage of Party subsides : The grumbling, busy Race having seen the total Ruin of their *Hopes*, begin to lose their *Wishes* too. *Culloden's* decisive Battle has struck dead the very Spirit of Rebellion, and there is now scarce such a Thing as a *Jacobite* to be found. But this happy Coalition in the Minds of his Majesty's Subjects, your Confinement might probably keep you ignorant of ; and to that alone must be imputed your prudential Care in providing (according to the Proverb) two Strings to your Bow.

But pray, Sir, how happened it that your Friend the *Memoirs-Writer*, in recounting the weary Pilgrimage you endured, and your wandering forlorn from Hill to Hill, and from Mountain to Mountain, after your Master's Forces were defeated, omitted so material a Part of them, as the Journey you took to *Badenoch*, where *Macdonald*, with near two hundred of his Clan, still kept in a Body ? or your passing from thence to *Arisaig*, on Intelligence that two *French* Privateers had landed some Money and Ammunition for the Use of the Rebel Chiefs ? He should, methinks, as he seems so perfectly acquainted with every minute Circumstance relating to you, have informed us what became of that Money, or what Share you had of it, who, as I am informed, received it, in Quality of *Secretary* ? It is great Pity the Lady of *Pimroude*, to whose House you immediately went, and to whom, it seems, you revealed every Thing, did not let him into the Secret of this, as he pretends she did of those other Subjects of Conversation you had with her before your being seized. I have been told (though I will not pretend to assert the Truth of it) that *Lewis-dores*, and other Pieces of *French* Coin was, at that Time, very plenty in those Parts ; but indeed could never learn, for a Certainty, by what Means brought thither.

Our Author, therefore, must acknowledge himself greatly deficient in this Point ; for, though that Lady might have been enjoined by you, and also might possibly have her own Reasons to keep this Matter to herself, yet, as he could not be ignorant that such a Thing was talked of, he ought, before he began to write a Detail of your Adventures, to have taken Care to have been well informed of the Truth of a Circumstance, which, we are not to doubt, would have highly redounded to your Honour and Glory, if made known.

But while I blame him for passing over in Silence an Incident so necessary to have been related, I am equally offended at his Injudiciousness in inserting others, in which I cannot think the Publick has any manner of Concern ; particularly, *An Extract of a Letter*, said to be wrote by you to a certain Lady of Quality, who desired an exact Description of the *Pretender's* two Sons. It is very likely they may deserve all the Encomiums there bestowed upon them, I never heard any Body, who had seen them, deny either the Comeliness of their Persons, or say, that they had not been instructed in all the Accomplishments besitting their imaginary Dignity ; but, supposing them to be brave, wise, learned, temperate and beneficent, what is all that to the good People of these Kingdoms ? The Children of the *Great Mogul*, for any Thing we know to the contrary, may be very fine Princes ; and we have just the same to do with the one, as with the other. We may love and admire great and amiable Qualities, wherever we find them ; but then that Love and Admiration ought to have their Bounds ; We are not to break through Laws, the Cement of Society, and the Bulwark of Peace, to testify the Sense we have of Perfection, be it ever so shining : And if these unfortunate young Gentlemen be indeed possessed of every Grace, every Virtue that can adorn Humanity, yet we have Laws which for ever exclude them from reigning over us ; and have fixed the Crown on a Family, which, since their happy Accession, Envy itself cannot accuse of having ever done any one Thing which could make us repent the Settlement.

As the Characters and Description, therefore, of the young *Stuarts*, however just, can be of no real Advantage to them, and could not be thought to be very agreeable to those whom all the Ties of Gratitude, as well as the Dictates of Self-Interest, oblige you now to do every Thing in your Power to keep yourself well with, I cannot but look upon the Publication of this Extract as a very great Blunder ;  
though,

though, perhaps, you may laugh in your Sleeve at my want of Penetration, for so doing.

I confess, I never had any great Opinion of that refined Policy, of which this, if it has any Meaning at all, is the Produce. I remember, when I was a Boy, one of my Companions was diverting himself with turning round very fast on the Verge of a deep Precipice ; on which I, who was somewhat older, called to him, and reminded him, that his Head might turn, and he would then fall down. *No, no*, cried he, *when I find myself giddy, I'll leave off* : And so continued turning, till the Fate I had predicted came upon him, and he had like to have broke his Neck. I leave you, Sir, to make the Application ; and though, as I freely told you at first, I am not very much your Friend, yet I will act the Part of a Friend so far, as to advise you, not to play at fast and loose too much, lest the fine-drawn Chain of your Politicks should break, when you least think of it, and you fall into Contempt on all Sides.

But, to return to the *Memoirs* ; which I cannot take my Leave of, without pointing out one more Absurdity, and which is, indeed, a most gross Reflection on the *English* Nation ; for, where *particular* Persons are not mentioned, the Affront is given to *all*, and such, deserves to be by *all* resented. But I shall transcribe his Words, for the Benefit of those who may not have seen the Pamphlet, as it stands in Page 36 ; where speaking of the Jealousies entertained of the *Scots*, he says : “ These Jealousies it was, which ob-  
“ structed many of the young *Pretender's* Schemes, both  
“ in *Scotland* and *England* ; and gave those, whose *Pas-*  
“ *lanimity* alone, perhaps, kept from joining with him, a  
“ kind of Pretence for their Inactivity, in this Juncture.”

Now, I leave any one to judge, if this is not calling in Question, not only the *Loyalty*, but the *Courage* also of a Nation, who have so well approved themselves endued with both, to the utter Confusion of his Majesty's Enemies. It is not his *Perhaps*, that will be a sufficient *Salvo* for the Gall contained in this Expression : There was no *perhaps*, no Doubt to be made of the Affection which all Degrees of People have to the present Royal Family, nor of the Bravery with which they testified it. Every one, in his different Sphere, discovered an Eagerness to shew his Love and Zeal ; and, if there was any Contention among them, it was only who should be most exemplary in Loyalty.

But there is no Occasion for me to expatiate on this Head ; all *Europe* is convinced of that perfect Concord which



which subsists, and, I hope, ever will do so, between his Majesty and his People; nor can a much more able Pen than that of the Author before me, ever infuse a contrary Opinion in any Man of Understanding, whether of this Country or a Foreigner.

I believe, Sir, by this Time, you are pretty much tired of me and my Epistle; but I have not yet quite done with you: I should be glad to know, if you have Ingenuity enough, or any one else, to inform me, whom your *Plea of Surrender* agrees with, *Nothing being so terrible to you, as the Thoughts of being made a Prisoner*; for so the *Mémoires* pretends. But I ask your Pardon, I protest, I had forgot, that you must be considered as altogether innocent of that Production, or what is there alledged: And, as particular as the Author of it is, in other Respects, relating to you, even to your very Thoughts, he knew nothing of your Mind in this: If he had, he would not, you will say, have contradicted you, so manifestly, in a Design you must then have had in Agitation, by giving us, not only an Account how terrible the Thoughts of being taken, were to you, but also of every Circumstance of your being taken, I doubt, for all that, there was some Mistake in this Business; and, whatever he might know of you *before*, he was indeed wholly ignorant of your Dispositions *after* your Commitment; or, instead of lamenting your being seized at a Place where you had Reason to hope a secure *Asylum*, he would have told us, that being convinced of your Error, as well as grown desperate by the Ruin of the Cause you were engaged in, you had gone to Lord Justice Clerk, of your own accord, and there *surrendered* yourself: This would have rendered the Plea you intended to make a natural Consequence of your former Behaviour, and neither excited Wonder, nor given Room for Speculation. I would not, like Sir *Politick Would-be*, in the Play, fancy there is a Mystery in every Thing, but am pretty certain there is one in this, which is past my Comprehension to unfold, and makes me cry out with the Poet,

*There is no Wonder, or else all is Wonder!*

But my own foolish Love of Plain-dealing makes me too apt to expect it from others. I ought to consider, that Politicians, like you, take Delight in Abstruseness; and it is not, perhaps, one of the least Satisfaction among the many you enjoy in your Confinement, that you have found  
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the Way to puzzle and confound the Understanding of the clearest Heads.

Besides, Sir, it must needs be an additional Pleasure to you, that you can look forward into Time, and behold so many probable Circumstances arise to prolong the Fame of your Abilities. The ungrateful changing World soon discovers a Lassitude, in speaking of the greatest Actions; and we have often seen Persons who, whenever they appeared, were treated with Acclamations rather befitting the Deity than mortal Man, sink down at once into a total Disregard. Not so wish you: You will want no Statues cast in Brasse, nor golden Inscriptions, to remind us of what you have done; every fresh *State-Commitment*, every new *Trial* will revive your Name and Character, and render your *Plea of Surrender* the Theme of all Conversations.

Yet notwithstanding the extreme readiness of my Nature to do all imaginable Justice to Merit, you must allow me to think, that the Reputation of yours, is owing to your old Friend, *Fortune*. Had the Favour you were in with the young *Pretender*, procured you any other Post than that of his *Secretary*, as might easily have happened, all you have done, or shall do, would be infinitely less conspicuous. History affords many Instances of Persons, who in other Stations, have taken the same Steps; but I never before either read or heard of a *Secretary* that did so. A *Secretary* is a kind of Key to the Bosom of his Master; and one should as soon expect the Lock itself to open of its own accord, as that we should be able to make any use of the one without the other. On this Account, it therefore must be owned you are a *Non-Pareil*; but I must, for all that, still return to my former Position; that it was Chance bestowed on you a Title, which without, you could not have had the Opportunity of distinguishing yourself in so extraordinary a manner; or of being elevated and immortalized beyond *Maddox*, *Weir*, or many others of your Acquaintance, who have acted in the same laudable and prudent Manner.

It cannot, however, be denied that your Conduct, after the attaining of that Post, or rather after you had lost it, is the more to be admired, as it is unprecedented; and when we look back on the Behaviour of *Coleman* \*, and several others, who held the same Station you lately possess;

\* *Secretary to King James the Second, when Duke of York.*

how does their foolish Obstinacy and Tenaciousness set off the Accuracy of your Judgment and Discretion !

The Science of *Double-dealing*, is certainly arrived to very great Perfection in this Age, and there wants nothing to confirm us in the Opinion of your being an Adept, but finding you able to walk for some time longer in the Mist, which has hitherto been thrown about you, and concealed the real meaning of your Actions, from many, even of those who had the most Interest in discovering it. If you can do this, it will not only establish the Character you have acquired with all Persons of Understanding, but also render you truly serviceable to the Government, whose Interest it undoubtedly is to preserve you in the Confidence and Good-will of its Enemies, the *Jacobites* I mean ; which (whenever we reflect on the strange Credulity of those People in other things) appears no insuperable Difficulty.

I have heard some Whispers of a certain Letter, said to be wrote by you, to one of the unfortunate Gentlemen in the New-Goal, *Southwark*, containing several specious Reasons for your Behaviour ; and calculated to remove whatever Suspicions the Party might have entertained of you. If this is a Fact, (as I do not take upon me to aver) it will go a great way in accomplishing the good Work above mentioned, and make you worthy of those extraordinary Condescensions you have received since your Commitment.

That Success may crown all your Endeavours both for the publick Utility, and your own Emolument, is the sincere Wish of every honest Man, and in particular of,

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S I R,

Your most humble

and Obedient Servant,

ATTICUS.



